She played it splendidly—indeed, she as the Nurse and old Tom Head as the Apothecary—the two "old 'uns " romped away with chief honours, had the play all to nothing.

I had one battle with Mrs. Stirling over " tradition."
It wa5 in the scene beginning—

> "The clock struck **twelve** when I dil sen.! the nurse,
> And yet she **is** not here. ..."

Tradition said that Juliet must go on coquetting and clicking ovtrr the Nurse to get the news of Romeo out of her. Tradition ^aid that Juliet must give imitations of the Xurse on the line " Where's your mother ?" in order to g»:t that cheap reward, " a. safe laugh/' I felt that it was wrong. I felt that Juliet was angry with the Xurse. Each time she delayed in answering I lost rny temper, with genuine passion. At " Where's your mother ? " I spoke with indignation, tears and rage. We were a long time coaxing Mrs. Stirling to let the scene be played on these lines, bat this was how it u as played eventually.

She was the only Nurse that I have ever seen who did not play the part like a female pantaloon. She did not assume any great decrepitude* In the ** Cords " scene, where the Nurse tells J-oliet of the death of Paris, she did not play for comedy at all, but was very emotional. Her parrot scream when she found me dead was horribly real and effective.

Years before I had seen Mrs. Stirling act at the Adelphi with Benjamin Webster, and had cried out: "

That's my idea of an actress! " In those days she was playing Olivia (in a version, of the " Vicar of Wakefield" by Tom Taylor), Peg Woffington, and other parts of the kind. She swept on to the stage and in that magical way, never, never to be learned, *fitted* it. She had such breadth of